

The S. B. Book Staff is pleased
to present a copy of its efforts to one
of its friends, Mrs. Burke.

Virginia P. Boyd Editor
Louis Glaubman Asso. B. Mgr.

The
Class Book
of
1930
A



Published by the Graduating Class
Thomas Snell Weaver High School
Hartford, Connecticut



Dedication

WE, THE CLASS OF 1930A
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS

CLASS BOOK

TO HIM, WHO, BY HIS WILLING
CO-OPERATION, STRAIGHT-FORWARD COUNSEL
AND FRIENDLINESS HAS ENSCONCED
HIMSELF IN OUR MEMORY

RODERIC K. STANLEY



RODERIC K. STANLEY



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The *Class Book* Staff wishes to announce its appreciation of the services of:

Miss Hood and Miss Craig, as faculty advisers of the Editorial Board.

Mr. Stanley, as faculty adviser of the Business Board.

Miss Forbes, who has directed the Class Night Program.

Mr. Winslow, who has had the Graduation Program in charge.



FOREWORD

We present this book—the child of our imagination, the pampered darling of our fancy, the bane of our wakeful nights. We have struggled; this is our result.

We have departed somewhat from the usual procedure in forming a class book. Several changes have been made in content. We hope you'll like them.

Class book editors before our day have said in well-turned phrases, if a little sentimental, how dear this masterpiece would be in later days to its possessor. All we say is that we hope this book will serve to remind you of friends you knew and of funny, foolish things you did in your middle teens.

We submit our book to you. Treat it gently, for remember, it is a symbol of your youth.

V. P. B.



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Nathan Levin	Bernard Wallach



CLASS OF 1930A

Our Motto
Aegis fortissima virtus

Class Colors
Purple and Silver

President
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Historians
Jean Tulin
Francis Twiss

Orator
Jack Rose

Prophets
Dorothy Loomis
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RECEPTION
Louise Promise
Donald Sloat

John Thompson, *Chairman*

Pauline Johnson
Harold Sloat

COLOR
Ida Schreiber

Francis Rourke

Harriet Thomsen

TIE
Hyman Posmanter

Nathan Levin

George Feinblatt

BERNIECE L. BARBEAU

"A light heart lives long."

Northwest School. A. A. 1b, 4b; Girls' League 2a, 4b; Ingleside Club 2a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b.

The first person one noticed on entering 227 was Berniece, for she sat in the front seat nearest the door, and she was something to be noticed with her dark hair and laughing blue eyes. Berniece was heard, too, for she and Milly held daily "confabs" in the famous corridor of the second floor.



FREDERICK W. BARRETT, JR.

"Friendship is his second self."

Holcomb Street School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b, President; Choir 2a, 4b.

We wonder where Fred got his "pull" with the teachers. No doubt his freckles and cheerful grin had much to do with it. His work for the Boys' Club during his presidency won't be forgotten, either. His manly bearing, friendliness, and red hair have made him very popular with both boys and girls. Athletics, too, came in for their share in his program, and oh, how he can dance!

ABBOT W. BENTLEY

"God has given you one face and you make yourself another."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b, Vice-President; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 3a, 4a; Baseball 2a, 4b; Basketball 3a, 4b.

Bent once tried to raise a moustache; we counted it every morning. But we won't hold it against you, Bent, because you're always on your toes, either playing basketball in school or football in the park.

Bentley Accounting School.





CHARLES O. BIERKAN

"He that talks much of his happiness summons grief."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2a, 4b; Reception Committee; Junior Usher; Honor Student. Never tardy.

Charlie was quite a fellow about the class. His stride down the hall and talks with Mr. Burke were well-known. Clad in his enveloping ulster, he was a right-hand man in the book room. Charlie liked a good time, and liked to tell about it even more. The football season found him energetically leading cheers.

W. RODERIC BLISS

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be!', and all was light."

Noah Webster School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Junior Orchestra 2a, 3a; Senior Orchestra 3b, 4b; Inter-High Orchestra 4a, 4b; "Chronicle" Editorial Board 3b, 4b, Secretary; Junior Usher; Class Book Editorial Board. Never tardy.

Rod has a bent for chem. and physics and all sorts of wild things like that. From what comes to our editorial ears, we fear for the safety of the family at home when he begins to pour things together just to see what will happen. May we editorially and confidentially mention that he also has a bent toward 240 and a pair of brown eyes?

Wesleyan College.



VIRGINIA P. BOYD

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct,
and the hand to execute."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2a, 4a, Librarian; Classical Club 2b, 3a; Art-Crafts Club 2b; Dramatic Club 3a, 4b, Librarian 3a, 4a, President 4b; Honor Society 4a, 4b; "Chronicle" Board 3a, 4a, Assistant Editor 3b, Editor 4a; Editor of Class Book; Honor Student. No demerits, never tardy.

Personality, individuality, originality, capability, wit; and even these qualities do not do justice to our Virginia. "Virgo" is as delightful as her own beloved Alice in Wonderland. Her charm and delicious candidness have drawn us all and made us her affectionate admirers.

Pembroke.





ROSALIND BREITMAN

"Creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4a; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2a; C. H. L. S. 4a; Ingleside Club 2b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b; "Chronicle" Typist 3a, 4a.

That is, at the rare times when this young lady did deign to come to school. Underneath Rosalind's casual exterior, there was a girl rather appreciative of some of the finer things. But how Ros did love to play football or piggy, with great confidence of beating the others!



MARJORIE N. BRINTON

"She is always up and doing
With a heart for every fate."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Choir 2b, 4b; Glee Club 4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 1a, 1b. Never tardy.

Marjorie was a girl who was always there when it came to sports. It was a pleasure to watch her while playing basketball. And how she could pitch a ball! In fact, Marg. was an all-around athlete and won many honors for the Senior Class.

SOLOMON BROWN

"Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number."

Arsenal School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b.

Whenever you became tired, you might always find Brown at your elbow to divert your mind with a flow of talk. He liked chemistry, and used to visit the laboratory after school to concoct wonderful and fearful mixtures. He's certainly an unusual fellow.





A. LEO COHEN

"Plain without pomp, and able without boast."

A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b.

Leo was a quiet, good-hearted chap who rarely showed signs of any emotion. He was not bashful and his skillful tap-dancing was the life of many a party.

HASKELL H. COHEN

"It is difficult to esteem a man as highly as he would wish."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Art-Crafts Club 3a, 4b; Dramatic Club 3a, 4b; "Chronicle" Editorial Board 4a, 4b.

Although Haskell was never in a hurry to reach school, he was always on the go when he had to fight against the great competition of the other portrait salesmen. He had a never-ending supply of jokes which he would "crack" whenever the occasion offered itself. But if anyone knew his math, especially geometry, it was Haskell, and what a passion he had for green ink!

Pratt Institute.



ISAAC J. COHEN

"The better part of valor is discretion."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2a, 4b; Senior Orchestra 1a, 4b, Librarian 2b, Concertmaster 4b; Inter-High Orchestra 2b, 4b, Assistant Concertmaster 4b; French Club 4b; Junior Usher; Class Book Editorial Board; Honor Student. Never tardy.

A discreet gentleman was Isaac, but not annoyingly so, for he added the proper ballast to a conversation. His musical ability was considerable, too. But we must not pass over the widow's peak which grows so attractively on his forehead. It would be quite, oh, quite neglectful.



DOROTHY DAVIDSON

"I go quietly among you."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Ingleside Club 3a, 4b.

We heard quite a few things about Dot during this last half year, viz., that she was among our "intelligentsia" who attended the course of lectures given by Yale professors. Dot's serious and profound nature also came to the front in her Democracy class, where she started many a sensible discussion.



SARAH DAVIDSON

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Northwest School. A. A. 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b. No demerits.

Here was the girl who, for four years, went about her work conscientiously and good-naturedly, never complaining nor finding fault. We have been told that the English themes that Sarah wrote were really "chefs d'oeuvre." Here's to your continued success upon the rugged path of life!

BENJAMIN DUBROW

"Employment, sir, and hardships present melancholy."

Arsenal School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b.

Ben didn't mix very much with those in the class, but he was very sociable outside, and usually happy. We used to listen to him going down the street whistling or singing. Who is the girl friend, Ben, whose picture you have under your desk top?





DEBORAH ELKINS

"O, I am stabbed with Laughter."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; C. H. L. S. 4a, 4b; French Club 3b, 4b; Motto Committee; Honor Student. No demerits.

Upon the slightest occasion, those persistent fits of giggling were evoked from Deb, which set us all in a frolicking humor. But never mind, we all like your good cheer and know that you are a really serious and conscientious worker. Lots of luck at college, Deb.

Mt. Holyoke College.

SYLVIA M. ELLOVICH

"What is the meaning of this long harangue?"

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; "Lookout" Circulation Board, Assistant Manager 3a, Typist 3b.

Sylvia was the girl who had vowed over and over again not to study, since in this way she obtained better results. Yet almost any afternoon would find her thus occupied in 227. Sylvia was also quite critical of the way in which affairs were conducted at Weaver and as a looker-on voiced her opinions to that effect.



GEORGE H. FEINBLATT

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Orchestra 1a, 2a; Classical Club 2a, 2b.

George had the curliest head of hair in the school. In spite of this he used to frighten the girls in the French class with the "hypnotic" stare of his gray eyes. Further reports came to us of his escapades at the beach during his last summer vacation.

New York University.





ANN C. FERRIGNO

"Officious, versatile, sincere;
A friend to those in need of friends."

Northwest School. A. A. 1b, 4b; Girls' League 1b, 4b; Girls' Leaders Corps 1a, 1b; Choir 4b; Glee Club 4b; Ingleside Club 4b, Vice-President 4b.

Ann was our example of an all-round girl. We have heard much about her skill in Home Economics and judging from her clothes and the samples of cooking she gave us, we feel certain that she knows her proteins, fats, and carbohydrates. But wait, Ann does not take a back seat when it comes to athletics, either, for she certainly can play basketball and baseball.



EPHRAIM A. FRANKEL

"When he speaks not like a citizen
You find him like a soldier."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; French Club 3a, 4a; Class Book Editorial Board.

"Effie" had a propensity towards two things, Latin and soldiering. Our mouths gaped and our eyes bulged when definitions for anacoluthon, tmesis, antithesis, and all sorts of other wild figures of speech came gliding off his tongue with perfect ease. Even his Latin instructor was overwhelmed at his information. We heard he hopes to enter West Point. The best of luck, old boy!

JOSEPH GABERMAN

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Class Book Editorial Board; Honor Student.

One look at Joe deep in active reverie musing up his "ondulations" was enough to show that he was indeed formulating some bright remark which would be redolent with his spicy wit. When we saw him with no less than six inches of pencil in his mouth, we feared for the personal safety of his tonsils. But the climax of the dear boy's remarkable feats is the daring bravery with which he wears his ties, individual to say the least. We were truly impressed.





LOUIS J. GLAUBMAN

"On what strange stuff ambition feeds."

Washington Street School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Classical Club 2b, 3a; Honor Society 3b, 4b; Junior Usher; Class Book Business Board, Assistant Manager; Honor Student. Never tardy.

Louie was an industrious scholar. Goodness knows what the class book would have done had not our Louie secured most of the ads. Whenever a "litotes" or a "transferred epithet" occurred in Virgil, he was there with the goods.

JOSEPH GLIDER

"I live in a crowd of Jollity."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 2a, 3b. No demerits, never tardy.

Joe was the happy-go-lucky type. He never showed sign of any worry or care, not even before or after the usually much-feared test in Democracy. You might have done some work the second period, Joe, if you hadn't been so intent on arguing with B. L. Where would you have spent your time after school if there had been no "Jack-the-Barber" or shows?



HARRY GOLDFARB

"For discords make the sweetest music."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4a; Boys' Club 1a, 3b; Junior Orchestra 1a, 2a; Senior Orchestra 2a, 3b.

Harry wasn't originally with our class; nevertheless, we were glad to have him join us. He was well-known for his jazz playing—and how he could toot that sax!



ERNEST M. GORDON

"Get your facts first and then you can distort 'em as much as you like."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 2a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2a, 3b; Leaders' Corps 1a, 3b; Classical Club 1a, 2b; Class Prophet.

Ernie was the school reporter for the "Times" and many a time did he have to sit through a lecture to the Freshmen on some such subject as, "How to Use the Lunchroom." He was always popular in school and out, and had an enviable (?) record for tardiness.

University of Detroit.



SAMUEL J. GREENBERG

"His strength is to sit still."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b.

Sam was quite a geometry sbark. He was not very active in athletics or other outside social activities because his spare time and genius was absorbed in his duties as a shoe salesman. Be not surprised if you hear about him as an inventor of fallen arch supports.

MARIE A. HAYES

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

Mount Saint Joseph Academy. A. A. 2a, 4b; Girls' League 2a, 4b; Ingleside Club 2a, 4b. No demerits.

We had not had much of a chance to get acquainted with Marie, for she seems to have been a rather shy and retiring young lady. We haven't, however, failed to notice her attractiveness, especially her dark, wavy hair and dimples. It was rumored that she was a good athlete also.





JAMES T. HUGHES

"Other men have acquired fame by industry, but this man by idleness."

Holcomb Street School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4a; Baseball 3a, 4a.

Jim is a good-natured, courteous fellow, who "takes life easy", never exerting himself except, perhaps, when playing football. He can almost always be seen ambling down the corridor, talking to some girl or other, but that's only because he's too polite to refuse their company—what?

IDA HURWITZ

"You come late, yet you come."

Brown School. A. A. 3a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Ingleside Club 4b; Girls' Business Club 3b, 4b.

Ida was one of the tardy members of the class who were always being denounced. But for the time she was in school, she was marked by an untiring activeness. We also want you to know that Ida was very talented in the art of dancing and had made up a sister team with Ruth Stang.



PAULINE E. JOHNSON

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 3a, 4b, Vice-President, President; Business Club 3a, 3b.

Pauline was voted the best looking girl in our class—and taking the many pretty faces into consideration, this is quite a compliment. Moreover, Pauline's pleasant manners have won her many friends, as well as admirers.



PAULINE KALISH

"If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it."

Wheelock Junior High School, New York. A. A. 1b, 3b; Girls' League 1b, 4a; Choir 1b, 4a; C. H. L. S. 4a; Girls' Business Club 2a, 4a; Honor Student.

Pauline was the maiden of the raven locks, casting sly glances at all attractive males within glancing distance. Pauline was always reporting some new conquest and some mysterious, thrilling adventure. The role of posing in the fashion show certainly suited her to a T.



BESSIE R. KAPLAN

"The multitude is always in the wrong."

Northwest School. A. A. 3b, 4a; Girls' League 1a, 3b; Choir 2a, 4b; Orchestra 2a, 3a.

Bessie is talkative and argumentative, and not a little sarcasm finds its way into her remarks. Not many girls can drive the way Bess does. Look for a tan Buick passing down Ridgefield Street at 45 or 50 M. P. H. That's Bess!

BEATRICE B. KAPLIN

"When you see fair hair, beware."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b. Never tardy.

Bee, with her pretty blonde hair and big blue eyes, and that dainty way about her, was really quite charming. And what dancing ability she had! Although Bee had a rather angelic look, we understand that at Ocean Beach there were many conquests. Is that true, Bee?





TYBELL H. KASOV

"I hear life—life!"

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; C. H. L. S. 3a, 4b, Vice-President and Treasurer 4a, President 4b; French Club 3b, 4b, President 4b; Honor Society 4a, 4b; Class Book Editorial Board; Honor Student. Never tardy.

Tybie was voted the most serious and 'tis true she had a weakness for philosophy, psycho-analysis and the deeper things. But, gentle reader, do not think that this comprised all of Tybie's disposition, for indeed her smile was quite infectious and her personality charming.

Smith College.

SARA KOVARSKY

"Sensitive, swift to resent,
But as swift in atoning for error."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Senior Orchestra 1a, 4b; Inter-High Orchestra 2b, 4b; French Club 3a, 4b; Class Book Business Board; Honor Student.

Sally is a very talented violinist and has been playing in the senior orchestra since her freshman year. We're mighty proud of her. But occasionally Sally gave vent to her temper, and . . . It's all right, Sally; your pleasant moments made up for it.



ALBERT KRASNOW

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 3b; Choir 2b, 4a; "Lookout" Business Board 3a; Junior Usher.

Al is one of those happy-go-lucky fellows seemingly impassive to all his surroundings. Al, surprisingly enough, had a special fondness and ability in mathematics and engineering. This, coupled with a desire for a good time, made him a likeable chap, at least to those who knew him.

University of Southern California.



IDA KRIWITZKY

"Ambition has no rest."

Henry Barnard School. A. A. 3a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; French Club 4a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 3b, 4b; "Chronicle" Typist 3b, 4a; Class Book Typist; Honor Student.

Ida's ambition and industry, the reason for her four successful years at Weaver, should take her far into whatever field she may choose in life. Our best wishes, Ida! What's more, we have her to thank for much of the typing done for the Class Book.



BENJAMIN LEICHNER

"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin.
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4a; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2a, 3b; Senior Orchestra 1a, 4b; Inter-High Orchestra 3a, 4b; Class Book Editorial Board. Never tardy.

Ben was someone who could be depended on. As one always likes a person like that, Ben had many friends. He and Isaac were practically inseparable. We are told that his viola adds much to Weaver's orchestra. We don't doubt it a bit.

NATHAN LEVIN

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 2a, 3b.

Nate never showed any outward signs of emotion except by that beautiful blush of his. His low, smoothly-flowing manner of speaking was pleasing to the ear. His meticulous neatness was one of his outstanding characteristics.





JOHN S. LIGHT

"A good horse never lacks a saddle."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4a; Junior Usher.

John was known to the school as George Washington, due to his part in the Fashion Revue. He was a big, husky chap who had startling ideas at the most unexpected moments. He was very affable, and made a good companion at any time.

Yale University.

ALFRED A. LINDENBERG

"It would talk;
Lord, how it talked!"

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Senior Orchestra 1a, 4b, Principal; Inter-High Orchestra 3b, 4b, Principal, Librarian; Boys' Commercial Club 3b, 4b; "Lookout" Circulation Board 3b, 4a, Business Exchange Manager; Class Book Business Manager.

Al thought he was a lady-killer and how he did convince himself of it by his never-ending talk! In other respects Al was a hustler and worked hard at whatever work he undertook—especially at his work on the Business Board.



BERNARD S. LIPPMAN

"The Pen is the tongue of the Mind."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Dramatic Club 3b, 4b; Art-Crafts Club 3a, 4b, Secretary 3b, President 4a, 4b; Junior Usher; Class Testator; Honor Student.

Bernie was the only artist of whom our class could boast. Besides his artistic sketches, he succeeded in making an art of Herrick's "liquifaction." We understood that Bernie introduced no women in his plays because he didn't want to write comedies. "Terrible Titus" was one of the most clever things "The Chronicle" has ever had the chance to approve.

Yale Architectural School.





FRIEDERICKA D. LOESER

"My heart is ever at your service."

Northwest School. A. A. 3a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Ingleside Club 4a, 4b.

Freddie was a quiet, unassuming girl, but some of us who were better acquainted with her, know that she is a very active Girl Scout, and has done a great deal for her troop. You can always count on Freddie to do you a favor.

Willimantic Normal School.



DOROTHY K. LOOMIS

"To a young heart everything is fun."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; C. H. L. S. 3b, 4b; French Club 4a; "Lookout" Board 4a; Ring Committee; Class Prophetess. Never tardy.

Dot is one of our good-natured "kids", always taking things lightly, always full of "pep." She has tried every new coiffure, with success in each, to say nothing of the charm with which she wears her clothes—and what a variety of them! We wonder what will become of Dot and Olga—that pair that has become an institution, after graduation.

ELIZABETH E. MCGUIRE

"A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for friends her time was ne'er too short."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b, Senior Member; C. H. L. S. 3b, 4b; Honor Society 4b; Class Testatrix; Honor Student. Never tardy.

Betty was the outstanding figure in all sports. Her ability on the gym floor was really quite remarkable, and aroused the envy of many a girl. With that attractiveness and cheerful way characteristic of a McGuire, Betty won a place in our hearts.





ETHEL MEHLMAN

"A manner so plain, grave, unaffected, and sincere."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1b, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2a, 4a; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b. Never tardy.

Ethel likes to travel. One of her great ambitions is to visit England. We hope that she may have the opportunity to do so. Ethel, with her sweet alto voice, has contributed much to the success of the Girls' Glee Club.

JOSEPH MENDELSON

"What should a man do but be merry?"

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Commercial Club 2b, 4b, Secretary.

Joe seems to have enjoyed his stay at Weaver—always happy, and letting others know it. What might seem to visitors an unusual disturbance in the lunchroom, is only the merry-making of Joe and his frat brothers. But then, "Laugh and the world laughs with you."



DORIS E. MESSENGER

"Quiet persons are welcome everywhere."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b; Typist for "Chronicle"; Typist for Class Book. Never absent, never tardy, no demerits.

Dot was a quiet girl, but nevertheless very popular. She accomplished much through hard work, and has served on the typing staff of the Class Book as faithfully as she did on the staff of the late "Chronicle." We feel she is fitted for a high place in the business world.

Hartford Hospital Training School.



ESTHER MEYERS

"Give me some music, music, moody food
Of us that trade in love."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b, Sophomore Member, Secretary, Vice-President, President; Choir, Pianist 2a, 4b; Senior Orchestra; Inter-High Orchestra; Classical Club 2b, 3a; C. H. L. S. 4a, 4b; French Club 3a, 4b; Honor Society 3b, 4b, President 4b; Ring Committee; Class Book Editorial Board; Honor Student. No demerits, never tardy.

I' truth, Esther is adept at both these gentle arts, not to mention various others. But oh! She is guilty of a heinous crime! She studies with pencil in hand and gives the page a vicious jab with its point to impress the text upon her memory! There is charm in her gracious affability. Esther is a dear; that's all.



GERTRUDE H. MILNER

"The saying that beauty is skin deep, is but a skin deep saying."

Central Junior High School, New Britain. A. A. 1b, 3a; Girls' League 2a, 4b; C. H. L. S. 3b, 4b; Girls' Business Club 4b.

Gert certainly possesses more than outward beauty. Her charming personality and reserved manner have won the esteem of those who know her, and although she has not been with us four full years, she can be admitted into the rank of all true Weaverites.

SADYE MOSES

"This girl is quiet, shy, but courteous."

North East School. Girls' League 1b, 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b; "Lookout" Board, Typist 4a.

Sadye has not taken much part in school activities, but she has always had a pleasant word and smile for everybody. After school you can often find her busily typing.





EDITH E. OREFICE

"For they can conquer who believe they can."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 2a, 3b; Ingleside Club 2a, 2b.

Edith was another one of the girls who specialized in Home Economics. The dresses she made and wore give us hope that some day she will be among our leading dress and costume designers. With this asset and her work in stenography, Edith ought to be ready to start her way in life.

SALVATORE PARASILITI

"And it will discourse most eloquent music."

Meadow School, East Hartford. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b.

Salvatore's individuality showed itself while playing the violin in the orchestra, thereby contributing a great deal to the progress of that worthy organization.



LEON H. PARMETT

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Henry Barnard School. A. A. 3a, 4b; Boys' Club 3a; Class Book Business Board.

Parmett was a retiring fellow, who enjoyed a laugh, even if on himself. Indeed, he often found humor in the commonest things. He was capable as a business man, having been on the business board of the Class Book. He was very agreeable as a companion, and was seldom seen alone.



MARION C. PHENIX

"He that will thrive must rise at five."

Arsenal School. A. A. 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b.

Whenever we, by some strange chance, reached school at the unearthly hour of 8 a. m. or even a few minutes earlier, we unfailingly found Marion already sitting in 227, engrossed in her books. It has always been a matter of great curiosity with us, Marion, as to how early you did get up.



HYMAN B. POSMANTER

"For I am nothing, if not critical."

Arsenal School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2b, 3a; Commercial Club 3b, 4a; "Lookout" Board 3a, 3b, Circulation Manager; Radio Club 1a, 4b; Football Team 4b.

Nothing that Posty saw escaped his scathing criticism and sarcasm. Outside of this he was extremely amiable and cheerful, and quite athletic. His greatest accomplishment is his ability to bluff, and bluff well, which is an accomplishment, indeed.

LOUISE B. PROMISLE

"I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 2a, 4b, Treasurer 4a, 4b; Classical Club 2a, 3a; French Club 2b, 3b; Dramatic Club 4a, 4b; Honor Society 4a, 4b; Class Book Editorial Board; Reception Committee; Honor Student.

Forgive us for the rather violent quotation, Lou. But, you see, the man's heart which rides on the tumultuous waves of your hair must suffer the exquisite pain of "mal de mer". Perhaps the agitation can be felt as far away as William and Mary! Your charming vivacity has always held us entranced and not a little awe-inspired.





JACK ROSE

"I am not in the roll of common men."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 2a, 4b; Classical Club 3a, Secretary; Debating Club 3b; Dramatic Club 4a, 4b; Junior Usher; Class Orator; Honor Student.

In four years, Jack from a quiet, retiring boy, became great—in his own esteem. He was a fine piano player and his "boop-a-doop" imitations amused us very much. We'll also never forget that low, booming "Haw, Haw!" of his.

JACOB ROSENTHAL

"Modesty becomes a young man."

North East School. A. A. 1b, 4b; Boys' Club 2a, 4b; Choir 3a, 4b; Glee Club 3a, 4a; Boys' Commercial Club 3b, 4b.

Jacob was a good fellow, always willing to do a favor for anyone. He could shake a leg as a clog dancer as we discovered at one of our Boys' Club suppers.



FRANCIS J. ROURKE

"A man like a watch, is valued by his doings."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1b, 4b; Junior Usher; Honor Student. Never tardy.

Frank was a lively chap. He oscillated about school and laughed in a way all his own. He always had a lot to say and was in a hurry to say it. Frank was also known far and wide as an authority on Irish Nymphs. (Harpies.)



BERNARD RUDNICK

"A little more sleep and a little slumber."

Arsenal School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Boys' Commercial Club 2b, 4a.

Morpheus used to take good care of Bernard. If sleeping could be called an art, Bernard would be the artist. But in spite of his never diminishing love for sleep, Bernie was always willing to help out when possible and worked rather hard outside of school. We wish you success at college in Ohio.

Ohio State College.



MILDRED L. RYAN

"When Irish eyes are smiling."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 4b; Ingleside Club 4a, 4b.

Mildred was a vivacious little person. One certainly knew she was around, for in the corridor she and Berniece could be heard discussing the events of the night before. Well, Little One, we certainly have to congratulate you on your dressmaking.

SOPHIE SALTZMAN

"Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 3a; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Choir 2b, 4a; Classical Club 2b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4a; "Lookout" Circulation Board 4a; Honor Student. No demerits.

And Sophie surely must have pleased, judging from her long list of masculine correspondents. There were a great many activities outside of school which also seemed to claim her time. With your neat handwriting and precision in stenography, Sophie, you ought to succeed in the business world.





BERNARD H. SANDLER

"Like a rower, who advances backward."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b, Reception Committee; Choir 1b; Class Marshal. Never tardy.

Tall, dignified, and the marshal of his class! A big hit with the opposite sex! His only drawback was some of the bright answers that he made in World History. He was not given to vanity, but he developed a serious case of "senioritis" during this last half year.

MAX SCHLAR

"Logic is logic; that's all I say."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 3a, 4b.

Max imitates the Sphinx in his emotions, but how he can do things! He is as good an athlete as his brother Myer, but for some good reason he did not participate in any of the school sports. Too busy perhaps with Democracy? You were somewhat of a wiz, in that subject.



IDA SCHREIBER

"When night hath set her lamp on high
Then is the time for study."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1b, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Glee Club 3a; C. H. L. S. 4a, 4b; French Club 3a, 4a; Honor Society 3b, 4b; Color and Motto Committee; Honor Student. Never tardy.

Here was one of the most industrious and conscientious workers of our class. When it came to reference work, Ida somehow found a way of always reserving one of those two books—the famous, or rather (to us) infamous "Winged Horse." And how we used to sit back and rest while Ida reeled off reams and reams of French!

Smith College.





BRADLEY F. SKINNER

"Quietness is best."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 2a, 4a; Classical Club 3a; Honor Society 3b, 4b, Secretary; Junior Usher; Class Treasurer; Honor Student. Never tardy.

Brad was a quiet chap, but interesting. Although usually quite self-contained, he sometimes broke loose with spontaneous gaiety. He and J. T. formed a friendship truly like that of David and Jonathan. Brad, like John also, plans to attend Amherst.

Amherst College.



DONALD M. SLOAT

"He proved best man i' the field, and for his mead
Was brow bowed with the oak."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b, Secretary 3b, 4a, Treasurer 4b; Dramatic Club 3b, 4b; Football Team 2a, 4b, Captain 4b; Basketball Team 2a, 4b; Honor Society 4b; Class President; Reception Committee.

Don was the great hero our class boasted of, for, among other accomplishments, he was our one all-round athlete. In school hours, Don was rather quiet and modest, but taken on the football field or dance floor, he was outstanding. We guarantee Don could pose for any collar ad with great success.



HAROLD F. SLOAT

"He replies nothing but monosyllables.
I believe he would make three bites of a cherry."

Suffield School, Suffield, Conn. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 2a, 3b; Art-Crafts Club 3b, 4a; Reception Committee.

Hal was a fine athlete, although he did not participate very much in school sports. If you ever go to Denmark again, Hal, take care not to kick the queen's cur by accident. It comes to our ears that Hal was a lifeguard and swimming instructor at the Y. M. C. A.





ANN D. SMITH

"My heart is like a singing bird."

Northwest School. A. A. 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Ingleside Club 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b.

What a quiet but talented girl Ann was! She could dance, sing, and play the piano with wonderful skill. Ann was never out of place at parties or dances. In grammar school she had an ardent admirer. Do you still remember him, Ann?

RUTH M. STANG

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4a; Ingleside Club 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b.

Dancing is Ruth's greatest passion. As far back as we can remember she has "tripped the light fantastic toe." But perhaps her many conquests among the masculine sex are due as much to her persuasive tongue as to her dancing.



JOSEPH STEINBERG

"Crafty men condemn studies."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 3b; Boys' Commercial Club 2b, 4b.

Joe was a happy-go-lucky chap with a sleepy appearance. Quiet and sedate was his pace and his incessant bickerings were enjoyed by his classmates that knew him best.



MIRIAM C. STEWART

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 2b, 4b; Ingleside Club 4. No demerits, never tardy.

Miriam is a very demure young lady. She never says much, but her gentle presence is appreciated by her friends. We like Miriam's cute smile and oh, let's not forget her dimples and pretty, light, wavy hair.



FRANK J. TARZA

"That's a blazing strange answer."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 1a, 4b. Never tardy.

When the English teacher asked for the two greatest Grecian epics, Frank replied, "Epigrams and epitaphs." It's all right, Frank, none of us got things right in that class, and a small mistake like that won't keep you from becoming president.

OLIVE E. TAYLOR

"Sweet graciousness of manner is a woman's great adornment."

Holcomb Street School. A. A. 3a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Choir 2a, 4b; Ingleside Club 2a, 3a. No demerits, never tardy.

Olive was, from what we heard, quite an accomplished archer, having attained high scores in the archery tournament. Everyone liked her quiet and pleasant manners and her sparkling eyes. Some of her attractiveness was due to the pretty dresses she wore, which, we have discovered, she made herself. Who knows? Perhaps some day she will be one of our famous designers!





JOHN H. THOMPSON

"Kindliness cannot be bought."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 2a, 4b; Classical Club 2b, 3a; French Club 3a; Football 3b, 4b; Baseball 1a, 2a, 3a; Junior Usher; Honor Student.

John was an unassuming fellow with a forceful personality. He rated high as a scholar and was one of our contributions to the football team. He was interested in all sports and played a good game. John plans to go to Amherst where we're sure he'll come out on top.

Amherst College.

HARRIET D. THOMSEN

"Thou art a woman,
And that is saying the best and worst of thee."

Chauncey Harris School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1b, 4b, Junior Member; Choir 2b, 4b; Glee Club 2b, 3b, Treasurer; Classical Club 2b, 3a; Dramatic Club 3a, 4b, Secretary, Junior and Senior Member of Executive Committee; French Club 4b; Honor Society 3b, 4b, Vice-President; Class Book Editorial Board; Salutatorian; Honor Student. No demerits.

Harriet was always full of "pep", life, and "get up and go." And the amount that girl knew! It was uncanny. But the poor girl had a terrible affliction. (It makes us weep.) She had *pectora persuadabila* where red hair was concerned. Alack-a-day!



ISABELLA TONKEN

"I see Queen Mab hath been with you."

Arsenal School. A. A. 1b, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a, 4b; "Lookout" Board 3b, 4b. No demerits.

Isabella was an example of an American girl "gone Spanish *senorita*" with the special coil of her dark hair. She was rather coy with the male members of our class. With all her zeal, she ought to be a success in the business world.



JEAN C. TULIN

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun
To relish a joke and rejoice in a pun."

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Ingleside Club 4b; C. H. L. S. 4b; Class Historian.

Jean was one in our class who possessed a rare sense of humor. Her "nize baby" stories will not be forgotten in a hurry. How they did start that study hall tittering! But with all her wit, we understand that in American Democracy Jean was quite a source of philosophy.



FRANCIS E. TWISS

"Albeit in a general way, a sober man am I."

Northwest School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Boys' Club 2a, 4b; Choir 1a, 3b; Junior Usher; Class Historian.

Twisty attended the C. M. T. C. during his senior year. He was sent after six yards of skirmish line, but they could not fool a Weaverite. When he came back to school he stalked through the halls in a straight and soldiery manner. With his departure the school will be safe, since he will no longer experiment on his own initiative in the chemical laboratory.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

ALANTE VERRENGIA

"O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?"

North East School. A. A. 1a, 4b; Girls' League 1a, 4b; Classical Club 3a; C. H. L. S. 4a, 4b; "Lookout" Editorial Board 4a, 4b, Secretary; Class Book Editorial Board.

Surely not Alante, secretivé soul! Who can tell what goes on behind those sparkling brown eyes? We used to know it was something awfully deep and weird, but often worth-while, too. Granting the quotation's veracity, Alante, at least, *les hommes peuvent "chasser les femmes"*!





BERNARD WALLACH

"But still his tongue ran on."

James Monroe High School, New York City.

We hear that Bernie has done a great deal of traveling in his young life. Perhaps that accounts for his store of tales, which he is always relating, and his great knowledge of the world. Besides his great powers of speech, he has a bright, sunny smile that should make him many friends.

University of Southern California.

MIRIAM GROSS

"The mildest manners and the quietest heart."

Northwest School. A. A. 3a, 4b; Girls' League 1b, 4b; C. H. L. S. 4a, 4b.

Miriam came and went quietly through Weaver's halls. We didn't know much about her, but her neat appearance and friendly smile spoke well for her.



CLASS NIGHT PROGRAM



CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.....*Donald Sloat*

CLASS SONG.....*The Class*

Words and Music by Benjamin Leichner and Isaac Cohen

ORATION.....*Jack Rose*

MUSIC—Orchestra Ensemble.....*Members of the Class*

ESSAY.....*Doris Messenger*

CLASS SONG.....*The Class*

Words and Music by Jack Rose

HISTORY.....*Jean Tulin and Francis Twiss*

MUSIC—Piano.....*Esther Meyers*

PROPHECY.....*Dorothy Loomis and Ernest Gordon*

WILL.....*Betty McGuire and Bernard Lippman*

SCHOOL SONG.....*The Class*

Words and Music by Rosalind Feldman, 1924B



CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS



IN assembling here this evening you have manifested an interest in the Class of 1930A. This interest is perhaps mixed with curiosity. You might have wondered before coming here how a number of care-free and indifferent Seniors would look all together in one room; or you might wish to compare them with the serious-minded and conscientious Freshmen that you once knew. Now that your curiosity is somewhat satisfied, we request that you keep your reactions to yourselves, so that the exits will not be crowded unduly.

I might point out that, although our looks belie us, we have at various times attempted many serious things. In fact, we shall attempt this evening to do something great men in the past have failed to do successfully. One of our number will prophesy the future of our class. Again we compete with the historians of the ages, by giving in a modest way an independent history of ourselves.

We shall cause a panic among the living literary minds of this day and cause the bones of Macaulay and Burke to rattle within their tombs when the essay and oration composed by members of this class are offered for your approval. The subjects are the result of painful deliberation, and the delivery—well, you can judge for yourselves.

We are a group of people that will defy all custom and convention by leaving a will without consulting a lawyer and without causing satisfaction to glow in the face of some struggling undertaker.

With great pleasure the graduating Class of 1930A welcomes you here this evening; and hopes that as you leave, our thoughts will flow with your thoughts, our songs will mingle with your songs, and our spirits will join your spirits in genuine amity.

DONALD M. SLOAT.

CLASS SONGS

ISAAC J. COHEN

BENJAMIN LEICHER

Ev'-ry-thing has an end-ing Which may be gloo-my or glad;
 Hap-py with hopes for the fu-ture, Sad 'cause our school-days are lost;

This is one of our end-ings Which is both hap-py and sad.
 We're gloo-my o'er our part-ings Glad be-cause one bridge is crossed

Chorus
 Wea-ver you've worked for us We've done so lit-tle for you

Our days were hap-py ones Your days were rack-ing ones

You aid-ed us and did your best to Make us fit for life's great test, O

Wea-ver, dear old High, We now say good-by to you.

JACK ROSE

WORDS & MUSIC

To-night we bid a-dieu to you, To chief to tea-chers tried and true, We
 To hap-py moth-ers dear-est friends, To toil-worn fath-ers greet-ings send, To
 have some grat-i-tude to pay, To Wea-ver High we leave to-day
 Wea-ver High we've been so true, Be-lov-ed Al-ma Mat-er too,

And la-bor on to vic-to-ry, For this our slo-gan e're shall be, Thru
 Be-mem-ber this and bear in mind, If hap-pi-ness we seek to find, We
 youth's hard race we've fought and won, Our great life's task has just be-gun,
 must be-gin to strive this day, To reach suc-cess Com-mence-ment Day.

O Green and White of Wea-ver High, A cheer-ful friend you've been to us

Those years we spent with-in your halls Have been our gold-en chance of life

We fought our way you helped us thru A road of hard but joy-ous work, Our
 goal we reached fare-well we say, Suc-cess to you and Thir-ty A



RÉSUMÉ CLASS NIGHT EXERCISES

ORATION

WE MUST NOT FAIL



THE Constitution of the United States, a document into which went the wisdom of George Washington, the legal learning of James Madison, the brilliance of Alexander Hamilton, and the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin, is the rock of our defence, the mighty bulwark of our liberties. It is the foundation of a government strong enough to exist, yet one which would never encroach upon the inalienable rights of man. Although nearly one hundred and fifty years have passed since this Constitution was made, it still guides this nation proudly on. But we must not be lulled to sleep in false security by peace and happiness while evil forces seek to undermine and destroy it. We must not fail to uphold and preserve the root and foundation of our government.

JACK ROSE



ESSAY

CHAIRS



FROM the time we are able to "sit up and take notice"—speaking literally—until we depart from this earth, chairs are a vital factor in our work and play. Beginning with the high chair of our infancy, down past the chairs of youth (both comfortable and uncomfortable) to the refuge of our old age, each has its own peculiar charm and association. Think of the peaceful moments spent in the depth of a cushioned chair with a cheery book, of the uneasy moments spent in a hard, straight-backed chair at a dull lecture, of the happy moments spent sitting with an old friend, or of the disturbing moments in a dentist's chair. At every turn we meet Friend Chair. Just what should we do without him?

DORIS MESSENGER.



HISTORY



THE scene is the waiting-room of the Hartford railway station on a June evening in 1935. It is late, and there is only one person waiting. Occasionally there comes the deep voice of the trainman, or the babble of people arriving on trains. Francis Twiss walks in and recognizes Jean Tulin, who is waiting for a friend. Both of them are planning to attend the Weaver Alumni Reunion on the following night. Mention of that leads to reminiscences of the Class of 1930A. They recall their Freshman year, their support of *The Lookout*, the dedication of the athletic field, the football games, the orchestra's work, the first *Lookout* dance, the school clubs, the highest exam marks, the Senior English classes, the Honor Society, and the Senior inter-class teams. Suddenly the trainman calls out the station of Jean's friend, and they say good-bye to each other as the curtain falls.

JEAN TULIN,
FRANCIS TWISS.



PROPHECY



THE scene takes place in a broadcasting room of the studios of W. H. S. "Ernie" Gordon, station announcer, director, etc., is seen busily occupied with various and sundry duties when "Dot" Loomis, coloratura soprano, enters. After a humorous dialogue, they recognize each other as former classmates. "Dot" is prevailed upon to postpone her medley of old folksongs in favor of reminiscing, and they enlighten each other by discussing the whereabouts and occupations of their former classmates. Each member of the Class of 1930A is mentioned and amusing situations are exposed.

DOROTHY LOOMIS,
ERNEST GORDON.



GRADUATION PROGRAM



Music by the Orchestra

SALUTATORY.....*Harriet Thomsen*

PRISON REVOLT.....*Benjamin Leichner*

A LOVER OF SHADOWS.....*Virginia Boyd*

IT IS NEW ENGLAND... ..*Francis Twiss*

Music by the Orchestra

MODERN VIEWS OF WAR.....*Tybell Kasov*

PREJUDICE.....*Roderic Bliss*

IDOLS OF THE FORUM.....*Louise Promise*

VALEDICTORY.....*Esther Meyers*

Music by the Orchestra

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

ALTERNATES

SPEED AND PLEASURE.....*Deborah Elkins*

MEN'S GODS.....*Isaac Cohen*



SALUTATORY

GROWING OLDER WITH THE YEARS



It is interesting to look back to the time when we first entered Weaver as Freshmen, and observe how much older we have grown, both in years and, we hope, in intelligence. Perhaps the latter may be questions, but at any rate, it certainly is not the fault of our teachers if we have not advanced in this respect.

At the beginning of our high school career, we were most of us content with accepting the "status quo," without questioning the "whys and wherefores" of anything. If we were told that a thing was true, we believed it. We dared not disagree, at least not openly, with opinions expressed by others. We accepted the things that were taught to us, seldom if ever, hesitating or doubting them, and stored this knowledge in a sort of catalogue in our minds, since we had not yet learned to discriminate, to pick out what was pertinent and to put aside what was irrelevant to the situation in question. All the ideas, and most of the ideals and standards of judgment in our possession were handed to us by others—which is only normal for children of our age. But if four years in high school has accomplished part of its purpose, this state of affairs has changed. For our physical expansion during the high school years, there should have been a consonant growth in intelligence.

A better taste and appreciation in literature and art is, we hope, being developed as we are growing older with the years. We are learning how to distinguish between good literature and "trash," what characteristics to look for in books, how to read intelligently, and how to see ourselves in the story. I think that the older we grow, the more we may appreciate poetry. Through it, we may, from seeing the experience of the poet, perhaps apply that to similar experiences of our own. We meet the skylark

*"Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."*

Greater emotional and aesthetic content is revealed to us, and helps us to live fuller lives. We obtain access to the finer things in life, and we discover how poetry actually affects us in our daily lives, how, if we will only let it, it can arouse emotions in us with its own depth of feeling, and can reveal priceless treasures hitherto unknown.

No doubt, some consider Zane Grey or Harold Bell Wright masters of fiction, and derive a great deal of enjoyment out of the big, handsome, bronzed hero and the heroine (who is always beautiful and has copper tinted hair and violet eyes shaded with long lustrous black lashes) and the awful complications which arise when she



falls into the hands of the despicable villain, and finally the happy ending when the hero rescues her. It's the same old story over and over again with perhaps a new setting and a few added complications. Why then the interest in such trite and banal stuff, while the great masters who saw life steadily and whole collect dust? Eliot, Dostoievsky, Hardy, Conrad, Flaubert—the list is long! Why? Because so many refuse to grow older with the years, and prefer to stifle their mental development in early adolescence. The psychologists point to such specimens of humanity—and their number is legion—not only the readers of cheap, unreal novels but the thronging spectators at that easier diversion—the movies—and they label their disease—adult infantilism, arrested development, refusal to grow up. Mental growing pains are often so severe, particularly in concurrence with physical growing pains that the weak and the meek succumb.

Another factor which I have noticed that accompanies our growth is a change in friends. Friends whom we may have found interesting and charming at one time, may become absolutely boring later. One commonly hears, "Oh, what could I ever have seen in her?" A difference in the direction of intellectual development and a growing divergence in tastes are probably most often the causes for this. It is, however, very encouraging to find, now and then, friendships that grow with the years. It is gratifying to find that someone else's tastes have developed along similar lines to one's own.

And so, tonight, instead of the docile credulous young people we were, I humbly trust we have advanced to the stage where we are able to make a sort of intellectual synthesis of what we learn, to see all around a problem, to form our own opinions and conceptions, however rudimentary, of the problems and experiences we are facing. At least, we have become conscious that such a thing is going on, and I hope that the progression may continue in the future, for there will always be room for improvement no matter how much we learn. We are gradually coming to realize by intelligence and sympathy, and we are also beginning to see the significance in old Sir Edmund Dyer's boast, more than three hundred years ago:

*"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind."*

To our teachers who have worked with us through these happy years—our friends and advisers—trying to mould us into worth-while citizens, to teach us to think for ourselves—

To our parents, who have encouraged us in our endeavors, who, through their sacrifices have afforded us opportunities for education and good times in school—

To our friends who have shown much interest in our school work—

To you all I bid a hearty welcome to our Graduation Exercises on behalf of the Class of 1930A.

HARRIET D. THOMSEN.



GRADUATION ESSAYS



PRISON REVOLT



THIS year has witnessed a crisis in prison history. In the past few months there have been successive outbreaks all over the country. Some were not serious, but three of the foremost penitentiaries in the country suffered outbreaks which were very severe. They necessitated the changing of the customary scene of peace and quietness to one of war. It has been the most disastrous year in the chronicles of the prisons.

One might well ask what prisoners, kept under such rigid care, can do. In one of the largest prisons, a convict shot one of the keepers and immediately the prisoners started fighting with the guards. After much struggling the convicts were repelled and the leaders were forced into a small building in the yard with eight guards, whom they had taken. They demanded automobiles and time to escape, threatening to shoot all the guards who were in their possession. The warden stubbornly refused, thinking, undoubtedly, of the praise he would earn if he quelled the revolt by his strategy. The rebels, however, were not "bluffing" and, upon the refusal, shot the eight guards, throwing the bodies through the window after the successive shots. One of them then shot three of his comrades and himself. Twelve lives were lost through the narrow-mindedness and ambition of a warden.

This is only one example. Imagine this happening in the biggest penitentiaries, with minor outbreaks in the smaller prisons. Such a thing, however, was necessary and was the only possible outcome. The people will not be satisfied with a petty explanation, as they have been formerly, and not only are they beginning to open their eyes, but even President Hoover has made specific recommendations to Congress in his annual message.

Bulletins, recently published, state that the prisons are over-crowded and very unsanitary. Three penitentiaries are accommodating from three hundred to seventeen hundred men, beyond their capacity. They also state that the men do not get enough food. The legislative bodies have refused to allow more money on several occasions, but this only complies with the proverb that "The sated man can never realize the starved man's hunger."



What this does to living conditions is the next consideration.

Men are forced to work, eat, and sleep under extremely crowded conditions. Overcrowding hinders progress. If there is no progress, the only alternative is deterioration and mental lapse. Deterioration and mental lapse, in most persons, results in a disposition of mind and feeling bordering insanity. Such a disposition, plus natural hatred added to the high mental strain, results in a general explosion. The revolt causes monetary damage and a loss of lives and, in order to keep the men quiet, the legislative bodies generally install some petty reform which has nothing to do with the cause. Those in power never think of inspecting the root but are satisfied with just cutting off the bud.

The people have been satisfied formerly by placing the blame with the convicts. It is obvious, however, that these prisoners are not wholly in the wrong. A few of those, serving life terms, might be willing to take a chance on escaping, but those, serving short sentences, would be unwilling to forsake their privileges. One can see that such a fire has been smoldering for some time. It is a crime even if the objective deserves punishment, to keep a man locked up under such conditions with almost nothing to do, and it has been proved that there is not enough work about the prison to keep the convicts busy for four days a week at the rate of four hours a day.

The convict is not placed in prison primarily for punishment; he is placed there to keep society free from men who have so little respect for it. Inhuman treatment causes what little respect remains to be blotted out and, upon dismissal from prison, he resumes his life of crime. He is a dispirited man, caring little what happens to him.

Now let us look into the conditions of the county jails. They, too, are overcrowded. They are overcrowded with men who have committed petty offences and because of lack of funds to pay their fines, have been jailed. A more adequate probationary system could be employed and thus save expense for the county and in many ways aid the individual. The city could easily afford to wait until the man's financial status permitted his payment, whereas he is now placed in jail and his family is left to suffer for that great cause—Law Enforcement, while the family of a man of a good financial status goes on uninterrupted in their necessities.

It would seem logical to place the prisons, both state and county, under one body of men. City and state taxes would go to one purpose, thus placing more funds in the hands of the legislative body and making it possible to have more extensive buildings and improvements. The legislative body would also be free from the influence of outside parties which have such an effect under the present system.

It is evident, that whatever reforms are made and introduced into the prisons, they must primarily fulfill the qualifications of a more humane treatment on the part of the authorities towards the convicts, if harmony is expected to prevail.

BENJAMIN LEICHNER.



A LOVER OF SHADOWS



HE was a lover of shadows, of gloom, and of vaguely dim places. It seemed as though he shunned the dazzling rays of sunlight and sought the woods which in summer were musky with the damp delight of a swamp at their heart. The sting of sharp winter's cold made his nose tingle pleasantly, too. He loved the woods in all its attires.

He was an elderly man, a puttering old gentleman, who lived half the time in the outskirts of a small town, half in a neighboring forest. A shock of white hair shadowed his forehead. His fiercely bushy eyebrows formed a queer contrast with the gentleness of his bright blue eyes, which looked as if they had seen and loved what men perhaps had looked at but didn't understand, the beauty of a shadow, the dainty charm of nymphs, the slender supple god of birches, and the whimsicalities of gnomes. His nose was sharply beaked and cast a grotesque shadow on his lips, which were half-smiling as he thought about funny things that made him happy. The towns-folk called him "simple"; the woodland little people called him "dear."

Winter brought the shadows he loved best, blue shadows of slim birches on the snow. The cold clearness of a morning before dawn would draw him from his little house to the farthest edge of the woods, where he could watch the sun's first rays cause long shadows to dart from the tree-bases and shoot across interminable whiteness. As he looked, humpbacked little gnomes appeared from nowhere, chattering and scolding about the chill. How they capered and scampered, beating their arms about and hugging their wee deformed bodies! The lover of shadows stood in the blueness and smiled tenderly at their antics. They were so busy fussing that they didn't discover him, spying on them. Soon they scurried off over the snow. The streaks of shadow fell on them as they went and made them seem a bit weird, hopping from the sparkle of the light through the dimness of the trees' reflections. The old gentleman sighed; but then he smiled.

Although he owned the hut at the edge of the woods, he didn't live in it; he only stayed there daytimes. His home was in the forest with the woodsy little people. In the summer when the sun had dropped behind the trees, and the gentle fingers of enfolding darkness had stroked the eyelids of romping children to drowsiness, and beguiled their elders to dreamy quietness, the lover of shadows could be seen leaving his door and looking furtively back over his shoulder, as he scuttled through the trees. The nymphs met him. Tiny fairy hands grasped his and, as he glanced down, he caught sight of tiny feet flashing as they all rushed on. He laughed, a thin, piping sound which was echoed in the tinkling bell-tones of the nymphs. They danced along and he followed, taking an extra skip now and then to keep up with them, until they came to a clearing which was lighted by a moon, almost full, which hung rather low in the sky. The trees at the edge stood out against the silvery



light in green-black profile. Moonbeams filtered through the foliage and made somewhat bizarre the lithe forms of the nymphs, gliding smoothly over the grass so coolly damp to their feet. He would lean against a tree trunk and hum a graceful tune, softly clapping his hands in rhythm. The nymphs flitted over the ground in the intricate figures of their dance. They laughed lightly in joyous peals like those of tiny silver bells. The dance grew more fantastical and lovely. They leapt with airy grace to satisfy the urge of the music and the moon. A lovely being slipped out of the woods, unseen, and joined her beauty with the others. She moved about, and it seemed as though she were the spirit of the dance incarnate. The nymphs laughed with glee to find they had so beautiful a companion in their joy. She laughed with them, a gentle far-off sound of repressed mirth, as if she thought of something dear that happened years ago. Suddenly with a slight discord the melody was hushed. The startled dancers were quiet. From near the tree came a tremulous cry, "Chloe"—and no more. She advanced with flowing step, hesitating. The lover of shadows rushed to her and clasped her in his arms. He was no longer a pottering, old gentleman, for she had made the years drop from him. The moon was slowly setting. She smiled tenderly and he laughed—and his laughter rang out boyishly. She lifted her head, shaking her bright hair, and such a stream of harmony poured forth from her opened lips that the nymphs were seized with a desire to dance which they had never felt before, and in reply, they formed a ring around the two, stepping lightly and with abandon to the song. The moon had almost set and the nymphs with its going had felt a bit wistful and not in the mood for dancing. They had stolen away through the woods. The shadows were climbing the trees and the two were left in darkness—Chloe and the lover of shadows.

VIRGINIA P. BOYD.



IT IS NEW ENGLAND



TO the New Englander, resident, expatriate, or descendant, the charm of New England does not have to be stated. The natural attractiveness of this section appeals to our instinct for beauty. The scenery embraces about every kind that has ever charmed beholders, from the grandeur of the mountains of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine to the pastoral beauty of the fertile valley of the Connecticut, as well as from the placid lullabies of the sandy beaches on the shores of Cape Cod to the turbid grandeur of the tumultuous sea along the craggy coast of Maine. New England is a replica of all the beauties of the world, although sometimes in comparative miniature. This beauty of nature not only promotes an enormous summer



resort business, but it also adds an appreciable value to every man who lives within its borders. It is only a short trip from any of the cities into the midst of scenery which cannot be surpassed for placid or grand beauty. There are absolutely no level stretches in New England as there are in other sections of the country. The valley of the Connecticut is the nearest approach to this, but even here there are hills in the midst of it, breaking up any suggestion of flatness. The scenery of New England, although not awe-inspiring, is beautiful.

The climate is a large element in the character and race of New England. It makes hardy, clear-headed, robust, active men and women; and no better product can be hoped for in any climate. We have variety of climate, about as much as the world provides. We have touches of the tropics and arctic regions; we have the chill wet of the California winter, and the scorching drought of the Arizona deserts; we have the dreadful snows of Russia, and the balmy days of the Riviera. The climatic ills with which we are afflicted in one region disappear when we move to a different section. In other parts of this country it is usually warm, cold, wet, or dry for long periods, but in New England it may be warm one day and extremely cold the next. It may give all indications in the morning of being a fine day, but before noon it may be pouring in bucketfuls. There is no answer to the question, "What is the general climate of New England." It may be anything. Mark Twain gave a good formula for those that are dissatisfied, "If you don't like the climate in New England, just wait a bit."

The old colonial homes of New England can be equalled nowhere for neatness, attractiveness, and stability. The kitchens of these houses are very interesting, with their large open fire-places, equipped with cranes, kettles, and other cooking utensils. Many of these old homes, built when America was young, are still standing on Cape Cod and thereabouts, having been restored by people who were interested in keeping them as remembrances of times gone by. They are of great interest to summer tourists and many people visit them every year. A New England museum is incomplete without several rooms furnished with furniture from a colonial home.

These houses could not have been built without one trait on the part of the early settlers—thrift. The conditions of life imposed upon them required the most rigorous thrift, and this thrift has become a habit with succeeding generations. Wherever they may be, this policy is always followed. Ex-President Coolidge gave a good example of New England thrift when he was President. This has been one of our greatest assets, and has made us of greater consequence than any other group in the development of the other parts of the country.

One of the greatest assets of the modern civilized state or nation is to be found in its conceptions, ideals, and practices of public education. New England, from the early days of settlement, led the nation in its patronage of the schoolmaster, its educational legislation, and its study of educational problems. The controlling aims of education have been religious and liberal yet these have had to be increasingly supplemented and perhaps modified by considerations of vocational necessity, owing to changed social conditions. The various types of education throughout



New England owe their origin to individual, volunteer, and philanthropic effort. There are more colleges of varied learning in New England than in any other section of equal size in this country. We have set the pace in education for the rest of the United States.

New England is a place that one must learn to like and a stranger does not fall head over heels in love with it as he might do in the Rockies, Florida, or California. One must live within its borders for a time and see its secrets to wholly appreciate it.

FRANCIS TWISS.



MODERN VIEWS OF WAR



UNTIL a very few years ago, a person judging the recent World War from current literature, pictured a rather pleasing affair with occasional attacks to add a little zest to it all. We were told of the charming little French girls, and of the good times the soldiers had. It was only the villains who were ever killed on the battlefield, for one always rescued the heroes at just the right moment, and they lived happily ever after, just as the heroes did in fairy stories or in myths of old. The authors of these so-called war novels, who probably never heard a gun fired except on the Fourth of July, exercised vivid imaginations.

All war literature immediately following the great strife was of this type, with the exception of Siegfried Sassoon's poetry, which was very ironic, showing his indignation against the useless death of so many men. This poetry was ignored, however, for people said they had suffered enough already, without hearing anything more about the unpleasantness of war. But *now*, we are at last having brought before us a true picture of war which we cannot overlook.

About a year ago in London, R. C. Sheriff, a war veteran, but an insurance agent by profession, wrote a play, *Journey's End*, which was a picture of life in a British dugout at the front. There were no women in this play, no love affairs, no elaborate costumes or settings. Everyone believed that a drama could not be a success lacking these things. Yet after someone dared to produce the play, it became the rage of London and later of Broadway. Everyone rushed to see it. There was a tragic force that seemed to be lurking behind the seemingly light, insignificant words and actions of the characters that would occasionally come to the foreground, only to hide itself once more behind some outwardly careless speech. The incident depicted, was a daily occurrence at the front where human lives were extinguished ruthlessly, as if they amounted to absolutely nothing.

In recent years, the American war novels, *Squad*, *Chevrons*, *It's a Great War*, and *God Have Mercy on Us*, have been produced. They all seem to portray the disillusionment of the whole war, shorn of all its glory. These books are typical



post-war products, the overflowing of those emotions which have burdened us for so long.

For the best specimens of modern war literature, however, the Germans seem to be outstanding. We, as Americans, are beginning to look upon them as a people with as much feelings as we, and not as just a collective "enemy." Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, written by an ordinary ex-soldier, has been causing a sensation throughout the world, unprecedented for that type of work. The narrator explains that it is impossible for him to describe the war to his parents when he comes home for a few days during the war. It was also impossible for him to write about it until ten years later, when a clear aspect of the affair in its largest proportions had been gained. This broad outlook on life is what lends the book its force. One begins to ask himself wherein any advantage has been gained, why men have torn each other apart like beasts. There is no plot to the story, no manufactured sentimentality. All is told simply and straight-forwardly, in almost child-like language. Still one can feel with the author, realize the horror and misery of it all, and understand that those who did withstand the deadly shells to come out alive could never do anything with their lives after going through that mortal hell for four years. This length of time might be compared with the one year or less of the American Expeditionary Forces' stay abroad, which seemed interminably long to us. Zweig is the author of another excellent German war novel, *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, which is a satire on the jealousies and petty affairs of the higher German military circles. In this book there are no scenes on the battlefield, for all takes place behind the scenes of actual warfare. Both Zweig and Remarque are being denounced, insulted, and criticized in Germany by some, who believe that to be a pacifist is to be a traitor to one's country.

Nevertheless, these new authors are slowly winning a victory over the old order of things. They are rising in revolt against the glorification of war, only to convey a message that may awaken the world to the realization of the truth so that we may learn for the future by past experience.

TYBELL H. KASOV.



PREJUDICE



N everyday life we find many good examples of the mental parasite called prejudice. You have doubtless heard numerous people arguing hotly about the virtues of Batterson or Gaffey as mayor. The more they argue, the surer they are that their particular choice is the better. You know that each will come away with his conviction unshaken. That is an excellent example of prejudice. Did you ever stop to think that patriotism is a form of prejudice, also? You go about boasting of America, American ideals, and American foreign policies, but seldom consider that other nations have bright ideas, and are often ahead of America in many ways.



There is not only political prejudice, but also another kind which influences us continuously. Social prejudices are acquired mainly through rumor. You hear that so-and-so and his wife get along like a cat and a dog. From then on you see a tinge of unpleasantness in everything so-and-so says or does. Someone tells you that he's heard Smith's millionaire uncle is dying by inches. Immediately Smith acquires an expansiveness, a well-fed look, which you have never noticed before. Thus does prejudice affect your outlook on people.

Another, and perhaps the most important, of the varieties of prejudice, is the prejudice of custom. You are so used to having things done a certain way and at a certain time, that anything which runs contrary to the public's present opinion is regarded radical and dangerous. This is true in many cases, but in an equal number of cases the thing is not dangerous, although perhaps radical. This feeling, however, is gradually diminishing, due to the rapid progress of the world along scientific lines. There are, though, some things you wouldn't do, but against which you cannot give any concrete reason. Suppose I should go over to this table and sit down on it, or finish my speech with its polished surface under my feet. If I did that, you would probably remember me for two weeks, whereas you would ordinarily remember my speech for about two days. The reason for that is that the novelty of the act would disturb an otherwise quiet evening, and make an impression on your minds.

In order to control, or at least moderate your feelings of prejudice, it is necessary to keep an open mind, as much as possible. Most of you try, at least, to be impartial in decisions, but haven't you often looked back on your opinions and found them to be extremely biased? Even the judge on the bench is prejudiced, although it is his business to be impartial.

The advantages of an open mind are obvious. You can render decisions which are correct, or at least fair. You may benefit yourself by grasping opportunities which a narrow mind could not see.

So, by overcoming prejudice, and developing an open mind, you yourself profit, and even give the poor, downtrodden, and abused atheist a chance.

W. RODERIC BLISS.



IDOLS OF THE FORUM



IN ancient Greece the man of wealth and authority employed his powers of oratory in the Forum as a means for swaying the multitude to his ideas, to further his own aims and interests. As long as the words were spoken by a man of high position the public was easily influenced, and the speaker idolized.

What history tells us about ancient Greece, is seen in this twentieth century, in the United States, but to an even greater extent. The populace is not only swayed



occasionally by speakers of the Forum, but is influenced in thought and action by an even greater number of idols, and the Forum is not now only a public meeting place, but is the daily newspaper, the weekly and monthly magazines, and the radio.

If we were to trace the origin of idols and idolatry, we would have to look backwards into history to the time when idol worshipping was man's only way to pay homage to what he understood as a deity. The reason why the savage had so many idols to worship was his ignorance of natural phenomena, his lack of understanding of everything that surrounds him. He, therefore, made idols of these things that he could not comprehend. Not understanding the causes of thunder and lightning, rain or snow, the sun or the moon, he deified them and made sacrifices to them.

All this illustrates how the lack of knowledge of anything, either of the elements of nature, of bird or beast, or of a matter of politics, a work of art, or a scientific formula will bring the multitude to its knees before the man who does understand, or pretends to understand the things of which they are ignorant. And in most cases they are worshipping the man who merely pretends to know, because the true possessor of great knowledge is usually not so eager to speak in the Forum.

Many of the people in the United States are such ardent idol worshippers that if they know a man to have knowledge on one subject, they immediately consider him an authority on all subjects in the universe.

Because Henry Ford is an expert on motors he seems to think that this gives him license to lecture to us on civics, art, literature or dancing. Moreover, the press is eager to print and pay for his articles, and the great American public reads his sermons on anything and everything avidly. And why? Merely because Henry Ford has amassed a great fortune and reached a social position which the average person has not attained.

Words, sentences, or phrases which are commonplace and stereotyped, as long as they are spoken from a high pedestal are eagerly accepted by the mass as if they were a sermon from the Mount, although these words or sentences may be meaningless, or have long been accepted as truisms.

Thus we see that the "Cross of Gold" speech uttered by William Jennings Bryan at a Democratic convention, threw the American public into a frenzy, and Bryan was idolized for many years, though as a practical solution to the troubles of his times his phrases amounted to nothing.

So others who occupy the seats of the mighty, as, for instance, the steel magnate Charles Schwab, preach to us on religion, morals, and a variety of scientific subjects, and many thousands listen to them because they themselves are ignorant about these matters, and these are men of power and influence.

On the other hand these idols know their public well, and they dare and do things once they have been on the pedestal. We find that presidents, governors, statesmen and generals, industrial magnates and bankers write books, essays, and philosophical treatises, although before they became the idols of the people they never so much as dabbled in literature.



Apparently more self-education, more individual and deeper thinking, and more ability to analyse things are essential. Then the people would realize that the fact that one is a wealthy man does not mean that he is an authority on music, art, or dancing; that when one is an industrial magnate, it is not a guarantee that he knows about science; and that a president of the United States, or the governor of a state, is not necessarily a literary genius.

LOUISE B. PROMISLE.



VALEDICTORY

THE PIPES OF PAN



HAVE you ever heard the pipes of Pan calling? Have you ever seen him—the great god Pan—as Browning describes him?

“There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan!

*Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head; moss cushioned his hoof:
All the great god was good, in the eyes, grave—kindly—the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal’s awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.”*

Always at the mention of Pan, the delightful stories of the ancient Greeks come to our minds. We have found the literature of these people, their mode of living, art, and mythology, beautiful in their endeavor to attain that highest ideal—balance. Pan was their god of nature, inspiring awful fear in their hearts, for it was he who could disperse whole armies at will, and it was with his aid that Athens “pounded Persia to dust.” Travelers making their way through gloomy woods at night were terrified at the sudden appearance of this strange god, half man, half goat, with “gnarled horns”—whence even today we speak of a “panic” terror. But then again it was the same Pan who came treading lightly through the fields and forests, blowing softly, enchantingly on his pipes, frolicking gaily with nymphs, moving the shepherd on the mountainside to song. To be sure, it may be that we treated such stories of the gods as pretty fairy tales with no special significance. Perhaps, at first, too, we rather had a feeling of pity for those Greeks in their pagan beliefs. Yet their literature woven about this religion has stood the test of the centuries and is still a mirror, still striking deep roots. One of our own philosophers is quoted as saying, “No matter where my thought goes, I always meet Plato on the way back.”

In our age of industrialism with new scientific inventions following each other in rapid succession, man has been compelled to dwell in crowded quarters and,



becoming dizzy at the sight of this new, swiftly-moving world, has plunged headlong into a furious game. Rushing madly on acquiring what he can materially, and, then finally, at the end, worn out and spent, he realizes the futility of the struggle. Meanwhile, the dull roar of machinery, drowns out Pan's appealing tunes, and the leisurely Greeks are forgotten. The reign of industrialism was only at its dawn when Wordsworth exclaimed:

*"Little we see in Nature that is ours,
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon*

* * *

*Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn."*

It seems rather inconsistent that we regard only the deity who is stern, merciless, towering menacingly over us, while we entirely ignore the jocund god who will display undiscovered beauty to us if we will but listen and follow. He will lead us to cool pine groves with a carpet of soft pine needles and nearby to a brook tumbling musically over the rocks and pebbles. With him we plunge deeper into the forest, hear the leaves of the trees rustling gently overhead, and, at the magic hour, watch the dryads come forth from their hiding places. It is dark night. But suddenly—

*"From one lovely cloud
The Moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed."*

Of late, man's spirit, wearied with the unbalanced strain of "getting and spending," seems to be turning back to his elder gods to "majestical Pan," but so ostentatious is his return that he gets never a glimpse of the great god Pan pulling a reed by the river. Can the notes of a so-called musical horn, honked by a liveried chauffeur, be imagined as the magical pipes of Pan? As in other walks, it is only the humble in spirit, the travelers on foot through the hills and valleys, who may achieve the supreme reward.

It has been the difficult task of our teachers to keep us from being caught up recklessly in this modern whirl with the masses. They have been influenced by Greek thought and ideals, and perhaps by the charms of Pan, and so have attempted to point them out to us. At least, they have set us looking for him in nature, for Pan is always just around the next curve in the wood road, or behind that giant oak, beckoning enticingly to new play fellows.

Mr. Holden—It has been a great comfort to us in our four years at Weaver to know that we have always had your sympathy and encouragement in our undertakings. And now at the end of our high school career, we can only thus inadequately express our deep appreciation of your friendship and counsel. So, on behalf of the Class of 1930A, I bid you farewell.



Our Teachers—When first we entered Weaver, it was with mingled awe and fear that we viewed you, the faculty, as people possessing such an overpowering amount of knowledge. But gradually we ventured to approach and now we are proud to be able to call you our friends. This relationship, though not of long duration, has been a source of great happiness to us, and it would grieve us to break it abruptly now. It is only, therefore, technically, and because we are assembled for the last time as a unit that, on behalf of the Class of 1930A, I bid you farewell.

My Classmates—It is hard to say good-bye. We have lived at school together for some of the most joyous years we shall probably ever spend. Yet there have also been struggles and disappointments. We are about to set forth on different roads. The happenings here will soon be dim. Yet something of the loyalty and friendship we knew together will remain in our hearts and help us on, no matter how far apart we shall be. It is with utmost sincerity that I wish you all life that is balanced, happy, and rich in achievements to yourselves and your fellow men. Fare you well.

ESTHER MEYERS.



SPEED AND PLEASURE



THE quest of humanity for thousands of years has been to regain the Garden of Eden—a state of existence free from the curse of toil. Man takes action only to achieve happiness for himself and to avoid misery. Back of all the tremendous present-day expenditure of energy is the effort to better his condition and to overcome the many things that are in opposition to his well-being, contentment, and happiness. The controlling idea is that improvement is to come through increased material prosperity, and that wealth is the real agent by means of which mankind is to be delivered from its troubles and miseries. Surely, everyone would be happy and contented if he were plentifully supplied with *things*.

Thus, human ingenuity has brought into existence many and great machines and human energies are being more and more concentrated upon the multiplication of manufactured articles. Then naturally follows the exodus of the crowds of workers from the country to the city. In the life of these crowds the Garden of Eden is reflected almost entirely by the quest of physical comfort—that is, according to its present meaning, a radio or an automobile.

Thousands of men work underground, digging the coal to supply the monster industrial machine with food. Civilization has become a great machine, which must



be kept in motion or the people starve. It has descended upon us like an avalanche resulting in the speeding up of life, the spirit of hurry and worry. Man lives by schedule; the machinery determines where and how he shall live. He rests, rises, works, eats at its request. There is little leisure or serenity. He hurries through life trying to catch up with the mechanism which he has himself created. He prayed for plenty; what he secretly associated with the thought of plenty was leisure—freedom from toil. Plenty he has achieved. Toil he has not escaped. He has only gotten away from the traditionally despised task of peasantry. The very thing that was to have been a labor-saving device becomes an engine of production that must be served. It is as if he could not save labor at all—as if he could make it only more productive. One has only to watch a city crowd hurrying with anxious faces to and from work, the young walking almost as wearily and listlessly, as the old, to realize the extent to which our labor-saving machinery has increased the rate of speed and feverishness of living. The twelve-hour day has been changed to eight hours. But what difference does this make if the whole of life is so directed by time clocks and factory whistles that energies are exhausted in trying to keep step? And when the holiday does come, the factory worker spends his time quietly smoking a pipe outside the factory gates, or sits motionless in his home listening to sounds coming out of a small polished box. Any powers possessed which could not be used in work have decayed. He has allowed industry to feed upon him.

At five o'clock in any city one can meet a group of children and young people coming out of a theatre with the magic of the play still heavy upon them. They look up and down the familiar street scarcely recognizing it and quite unable to determine the direction of home. They remind one of the engrossed gaze of a child who is feeling his way back from fairy land whither the story has completely carried him. "Going to the show" for thousands of young people is the only possible road to the world of mystery and romance; the theatre is the only place where they can break the grayness of life and satisfy that craving for a conception of it different from that which the actual world offers them. The theatre becomes to them a house of dreams infinitely more real than the noisy streets and crowded factories. Their impressionable minds are filled with the absurdities, murders, and portrayals of life which they are offered. Certainly, these will become the foundation for their moral guidance in the future.

There are no more, or at least very few, private residences, no more detached houses. Life is lived in apartments, in sections of floors; families jostle each other, and the tendency toward the hotel or restaurant life spreads more and more. The father and mother are united for only a few hours; the children live at school or in the street. The private dwelling is no more. The family group is no more. Faithful servants—all but mechanical ones—are gone. The people have sacrificed those personal associations and liberties, and have accepted an existence whose rhythms are severe, imperious, brutal, which makes their lives different from that of a slave only in that they receive wages.



The laws of mechanism, the worry about earning more profits and using less time tends to alter people's manners and morals so that respect, sympathy, or even mere politeness to others vanish. Modern labor is specialized, uniform, taking the same direction, going through the same motions. The human body is coming to have only a few active parts—sometimes only a single limb—those that correspond to the motion required. The rest of the body is offered up in sacrifice!

DEBORAH ELKINS.



MEN'S GODS



ONE of the first institutions set up by primitive man, which has survived through the ages, has been religion. Man seems not to have been able to get along without religion. For his belief, he has performed both virtuous and outrageous deeds. It cannot be denied that religion has had a great influence over peoples and individuals and has had a great part in shaping the course of history.

Through religion man has expressed his belief in a supernatural power which is superior to himself. Man has created a multitude of gods since the time of the dark ages, but most of them have been forgotten when he outgrew them or when they became inadequate for his needs.

There were many reasons for the creating of gods, the physical, psychological, and emotional factors being the most important ones. Primitive man, frightened by such things as comets, erupting volcanoes, and huge waterfalls, personified the prodigious phenomena of nature. He was overwhelmed with emotions of fear, awe, and reverence for things he could not explain, and he attributed the cause of his feelings to pervading spirits. He deified thunder, lightning, the sun, and the like. His numerous deities were usually headed by a spirit called the "life-giver." He elaborated his crude religion with the employment of magic, and the practice of infanticide, cannibalism, and human sacrifice, while totem poles, fetishes, and idols were a further result of his imagination.

Not until the coming of religious geniuses was religion so well organized. The law-givers of their respective peoples—Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha, Moses, Christ, and Mohammed—introduced God as being more or less abstract. These great men set up codes of laws, morals, and ethics, in order to better the condition of their people.

Before the time of the coming of these religious leaders, Egypt had one of the



highest forms of nature worship. The Egyptians had a family of deities that centered around the sun-god. Osiris was a personification of the "life-giving" Nile River, which was one of the greatest providers for the Egyptians.

The Greeks had one of the most beautifully symbolic of the religions thus far conceived. They had several gods, each of which was consulted or worshipped when the occasion demanded. In time of war the Greeks worshipped Mars, the warrior god. In matters of love they consulted Venus. Many of the Greek gods were personifications of the perfections toward which the Greeks strived. For example, Minerva was the goddess of wisdom. The Grecian deities were surrounded with an elaborate mythology, which told of their origin and their deeds. These gods were human, and as well as admirable virtues, they had human weaknesses, a fact which tended to excuse most of the shadier things that the Greeks did.

Around the Mesopotamian valley a new religion was forming. This new creed proffered one God, whose "chosen people" were the early Israelites. The Hebrews represented Him as being jealous and bloodthirsty. He was a God that inspired fear, and faith alone in Him was believed to have been more powerful than force. Renowned prophets rose now and then to elaborate the teachings of Moses and to help guide the Israelites along their more or less oppressed course of life. Then Christ came. He changed the stern God of the Hebrews into a loving and forgiving God. Instead of centering Him on his own sect, Jesus sought to have His God adopted by all peoples.

* * * *

Religion has varied through the ages, but with the growth of science it has changed a great deal. Where, before, the Bible was believed literally, it is now taken more as a symbol. Science and religion have always been at variance with each other. Verbal wars have been always going on between the two. About the year 1616 Galileo, a pioneer in science, was forced by the Holy Church not to disclose his views of natural science, which held the now accepted fact that the earth moved around the sun. Science and religion again clashed when in 1925 the whole nation was attracted by the Scopes' trial in Tennessee, which had to do with the question of the teaching of the evolution theory, which denies the story of the "Divine Creation."

One of the main differences between science and religion is that the former is based upon precise facts formed by logical studies and deductions, while the latter is a symbolic medium through which man may express his emotions and feelings in regard to the external world.

It is being said nowadays that science is hurrying man away from God in this age of speed; that science is competing with religion in showing man how to get what he thinks is the main object of life. Nevertheless religion will persist because science and the associated influences cannot satisfy the spiritual wants of man.

ISAAC J. COHEN.



WE SENIORS



HONOR SOCIETY

Virginia P. Boyd
Louis Glaubman
Tybell Kasov
Elizabeth McGuire
Esther Meyers

Louise Promise
Ida Schreiber
Bradley Skinner
Donald Sloat
Harriet Thomsen

John Thompson

SPORTS

LETTER MEN

Donald Sloat.....	Football II
Abbot Bentley.....	Baseball II
John H. Thompson.....	Football II
Hyman Posmanter.....	Football I

NUMERALS

FOOTBALL

James Hughes
Abbot Bentley
Bernard Lippman

Harold Sloat
John Light
Jack Rose

Bradley Skinner

BASKETBALL AND BASEBALL

Ann Ferrigno

Marjorie Brinton



SILHOUETTES



B. L.



T. K.



A. V.



J. G.



V. P. B.



L. P.



R. B.



E. M.



I. C.



E. F.



H. T.

B. Shipman



BOYS

Don Sloat	<i>Most Popular</i>
Al Lindenberg	<i>Busiest</i>
Joe Gaberman	<i>Wittiest</i>
Bernie Lippman	<i>Best Looking</i>
James Hughes	<i>Greatest Politician</i>
Al Lindenberg	<i>Most Talkative</i>
Harold Sloat	<i>Quietest</i>
Fred Barrett	<i>Best Dancer</i>
Nate Levin	<i>Neatest</i>
Al Lindenberg	<i>Greatest Flirt</i>
Nate Levin	<i>Most Bashful</i>
Charlie Bierkan	<i>Best Sport</i>
Abbot Bentley	<i>Most Athletic</i>
John Thompson	<i>Most Dignified</i>
Francis Rourke	<i>Cutest</i>
Francis Rourke	<i>Peppiest</i>
Abbot Bentley	<i>Silliest</i>
Rod Bliss	<i>Most Serious</i>
Louis Glaubman	<i>Most Capable</i>
Joe Gaberman	<i>Most Sarcastic</i>
Hy Posmanter	<i>Biggest Bluffer</i>
Don Sloat	<i>Done Most for Weaver</i>
Fred Barrett	<i>Best Drag with Faculty</i>
Hy Posmanter	<i>Worst Drag with Faculty</i>
Bernie Lippman	<i>Most Charming</i>

GIRLS

Esther Meyers
Virginia Boyd
Virginia Boyd
Pauline Johnson
Alante Verrengia
Deb Elkins
Miriam Stewart
Betty McGuire
Olive Taylor
Louise Promise
Marion Phenix
Louise Promise
Betty McGuire
Doris Messenger
Dotty Loomis
Marjorie Brinton
Ida Hurwitz
Tybell Kasov
Virginia Boyd
Sally Kovarsky
Bea Kaplin
Virginia Boyd
Harriet Thomsen
Bessie Kaplan
Alante Verrengia



ALPHABETIC

GIRLS

A is for Amity,
Which our class doesn't lack;
Don't think it calamitous
If you get a "crack."

B is for Boyd,
A girl very clever;
Our impressions of her
Will last us forever.

C's for Cosmetics,
A great evil indeed;
And though we know better
We use them at need.

D is for Davidson,
A buxom young lass;
At writing good themes
She rates high in class.

E is for Elkins,
Who giggles a deal;
Especially in "English"
We've all heard her squeal.

F's for Ferrigno,
Who at sewing excels;
Her skill in athletics
Admiration compels.

G is for Gertrude,
A winsome young lass;
One of the most charming
Of the '30A class.

H is for Hayes,
Our sweet young Marie;
Her charming dimples
We just love to see.

BOYS

A is for Abbott,
A bashful young lad;
Who shuns all the girls
For fear he'll go bad.

B is for Bierkan,
Of the bent-knee walk;
As a cheerleader
This boy doesn't balk.

C is for Cohen,
A. Leo, we mean;
Doing tap-dances
He can always be seen.

D is for Don,
Our most popular boy;
On the football field
He's Weaver High's joy.

E is for Ernie,
Reporter at school;
When he goes out with girls,
He's nobody's fool.

F is for Frankel,
Our militarist bold;
He believes in preparedness
As we've often been told.

G is for Glaubman,
Of business board fame;
In working for ads
He has quite a name.

H is for Harold,
Whom we shouldn't slur,
For when he was in Norway,
He kicked the Queen's cur.



GIRLS

- I is for Ida,
Kriwitsky's the rest;
For typing our nonsense
She'll always be blest.
- J is for Johnson,
One of the fairest of girls;
Her long golden hair
She most carefully curls.
- K is for Kalish,
Whose lovely black hair,
Makes her quite charming
Despite her cold air.
- L is for Loomis,
A good sport is she;
As full of fun
As any could be.
- M is for Meyers,
Both able and clever;
Her boundless ambition
We hope fails her never.
- N is for Nonsense,
As you well can see;
For that's all these rhymes
Are going to be.
- O is for Olive,
Who always is neat.
And as pleasant a person
As ever you'd meet.
- P is for Promise—
She's surely a peach;
Nice words to describe her
Are quite beyond reach.
- Q is for Quiz,
Which we never could stand,
The blamed things gave us
A cramp in the hand.

BOYS

- I is for Isaac,
Cohen's the rest;
With musical talent
On the fiddle he's blest.
- J is for John,
And Jacob and Jack,
And with the four Josephs,
There's no one we lack.
- K is for Krasnow;
He should hire a hall
When he tries to affect
That slow, southern drawl.
- L is for Lippman,
Who thinks he can draw;
His pictures of us,
Make us feel "pretty raw."
- M is for Mendelson,
A famous old name;
Though Joe's not related
To the composer of fame.
- N's for Nat Levin,
A shy boy and neat;
And a beautiful blush
'Cross his face oft doth fleet.
- O's for Obscure,
Our probable state,
For many years after
We all graduate.
- P's Parasiliti,
A boy without guile;
He plays on the fiddle
In an original style.
- Q's Quadragesimal,
Meaning the boys;
For there are just forty
Of these makers of noise.



GIRLS

R is for Ryan—
She's trim, small, and pert,
Though her tongue wags continually,
And she's somewhat a flirt.

S is for Schreiber,
Who's deep in her books;
You can tell she's a "crammer"
By her studious looks.

T is for Thomsen;
Her pep, charm, and brains
Are but few of her qualities—
She'll succeed in her aims.

U is for Us—
Our excellent class,
The record we've made
Will be hard to pass.

V's for Verrengia,
Our blushing maid fair;
In this day and age
'Tis a phenomenon rare.

W's for Weaver,
The school we love well,
We wish we had space
For her merits to tell.

X is the "Unknown",
Which we meet with in class,
And which, sad to say,
Made exams hard to pass.

Y is for yes,
Which we eagerly answer,
When asked for the "next"
By an excellent dancer.

Z is for zest—
Of which we have loads;
It helps us to travel
The hardest of roads.

BOYS

R is for Rourke,
A quite little chap;
He'd make a nice armful
In somebody's lap.

S is for Skinner,
The name fits him well;
When he asks for seven-fifty,
He sounds our death knell.

T is for Thompson,
And Tarza and Twiss;
Not one of these boys
Should we want to miss.

U is for Us—
Believe it or not;
As a graduating class
We sure think we're "hot."

V is for vacuous,
That look on our "phiz",
When teacher announces,
"Today there's a quiz."

W's for Weaver;
'Twould be a good school,
If only in winter
The rooms weren't so cool.

X is for Xanthophyll,
In red autumn leaves,
Which makes us quit studying
To gaze out at the trees.

Y is for, "Yes, sir!"
That time-honored phrase,
Which we say to our principal
In our "golden rule days."

Z's for Zedoary,
Which you'll probably need,
To be used as a stimulant
When these rhymes you read.



A FRIENDLY EVENING



None of my business trips I happened to be in Tacoma, Washington. I remembered an old classmate of mine was living there; so I thought I'd go over to his house for the evening. This Alexander Arnold, as he was called, had a reputation of being quite a chemist, and an inventor in a small way. I happened to mention him to a chance acquaintance whom I met in the hotel, and he looked at me rather queerly. When I asked him what the matter was, he refused to tell me at first, but at last reluctantly told me that Arnold was regarded a "nut" and was a little "off his trolley" about chemistry. But I took this as a mere local rumor that often springs up around an inventor and followed out my plans.

When I arrived at his house, Arnold was overjoyed to see me. He asked me to come in, and soon we were seated by the fireside discussing old times.

"Do you remember Hg?" he asked me.

"Hg? What's that?"

"Mercury—My private name for Rourke because he was always running around. I must remember that you aren't used to my abbreviations."

"Yes, he was a funny chap. In chemistry he used to sit next to Jack Rose. Do you remember Jack?"

"Old $C_3H_5(NO_3)_3$? Sure thing! Doesn't that name fit him, though? He never laughed at a joke—he exploded."

"Do you know what became of Charlie Beirkan?" I asked. "You know he was quite a friend of Rod Bliss'."

"Yes, I heard of P (phosphorus) the other day. He's the head of the Honolulu Trumpet Players Corporation, Limited, which is at present conducting a drive for a Home for Aged Trumpeters. Guess why I call him P."

"Poisonous?" I hazarded.

"Don't be so harsh on poor Charlie. I call him phosphorus because he is always flashing up about something. He would wax eloquent on any subject sometimes rather suddenly."

"What other nicknames have you?" I asked becoming quite interested in his queer appellations. He drew a paper out of his pocket and looked it over.

"Here are some new ones," he began, " N_2O , usually called laughing gas, goes to Deborah Elkins. Don't you think she deserved it?"

"She was a good worker, too."

"HBr is Solomon Brown's number. He was rather unstable. I don't mean mentally, of course. Betty McGuire has H_2O_2 , peroxide, although her hair isn't as light as some found on Joe Gaberman's shoulder. Parmett sports the insignia of Xe, being very inactive. 'Dot' Loomis I call Pt, or platinum because she was dear,



wasn't she?" I began to wonder if the rumor the stranger had told me about him hadn't some foundation, after all.

"Can you guess what I called Haskell Cohen? H²O because he's all wet most of the time!"

I was alarmed at the odd manner of my host, and remembered suddenly I had to catch an early morning train the next day and must get some sleep. But what convinced me of the mental irresponsibility of my host was the formula opposite my name on his little paper. He accidentally dropped it once and I saw clearly where I stood in his estimation. I was H²S.



HIST !

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the favorite quips of our teachers dear.
"Now when I was at prep school," our Trig prof would say,
As he would explain an example each day.
In one Mrs. Wiley, another did delight
To choose theme topics for us wretched to write.
When in Cicero some doubt would arise,
"Let's see what D'ooge on this would advise";
Or—"Polish that passage in College Board style"—
Thus counseled a classicist with many a smile.
"Si vous voulez," our romanticist would exclaim
In speaking of two things which both meant the same.
"There're cats in South Africa," a mathematician declared
When in geometry some pupil despaired.
"Peut etre que oui, mais je pense que non,"
Disait notre madm'selle, l'institutrice bonne.
When in discord the choir had sung
Our leader complained of "a sour taste" on his tongue.
"Let not the sun on your ignorance go down,"
Quoth still another with good-natured frown.
"Do not forget your chairs to replace
As out of the library you madly race,"
The librarian would command as she sternly gazed
At the forgetful pupils who always lazed.
In hours of darkness and peril and need,
Of these sage counsels we shall always take heed.



A MODEL CLASS BOOK BOARD MEETING

A PLAY

ACT I

SCENE 1:

A meeting of the editorial board of the Class Book at the home of Louise P. Bell rings. Enter Harriet. Bell rings and Esther and Tybell enter. Bell rings and Ben, Isaac, Rod, and Joe enter. They greet everybody. Books appear and they all commence their homework. L. and A. are doing French homework. Harriet is translating Latin and she is soon joined by Ephy. When Ben, Isaac, Rod, and Joe appear, they all shout for an English book. Next comes Tybell, who becomes engrossed in Chemistry. Esther joins the Latin group. All appear to be deeply studying. Soon the bell is heard again.

E.—“Books away. That’s Virginia.” (All books go out of sight. Everybody is scribbling. Enter Virginia.)

V.—“Good evening everybody. Good!—everybody here and busy.” (There is a chorus of “Hello Virginia.” Then they continue writing.)

H.—“Hello Virgo. I want you to O. K. this write-up.”

V.—“All right, Harriet. Well—let’s start the meeting.” (Sits down. Some of those sitting scramble on the floor. Everybody has a serious face.)

SCENE 2:

V.—“About the write-ups. I hope you’re doing your best to get them in. I’ll give out a few assignments and for the rest of the evening we’ll write.”

H.—“Gosh, this is terrible. I don’t know her, and here I have to say something sweet.”

L.—“Why don’t you ask her what she wants said?”

H.—“I’d like to.”

A.—“Oh, you know what happened? I asked someone what her characteristics were and she said, ‘Just say, I’m witty, a little devil, and full of fun’.”



E.—“That’s what everybody wants said.”

T.—“What shall I say about this girl? She’s got so many good points.”

J.—“Say she’s like an aluminum pot—wearever!”

R.—“Give me some help on this fellow, will ya?”

J.—“He? Why, he should be ashamed of himself for playing hookey. I met him at the Strand.”

I.—“Didn’t we enjoy the French class today?”

V.—“Yes—especially when Alante made the wise remark about your ‘chasser les femmes’.”

E.—“That was good.”

L.—“Should I mention her wavy hair?”

T.—“You’d better not. That would be pure irony.”

J.—“Yeah, curling irony.”

A.—“Let’s start a debate on whether a man is justified in whipping a pig to death, if the pig will taste better.”

R.—“Say, what do you think this is? English class?”

E.—“Why should Lamb write on Pig?”

J.—“Well, imagine what we’d have if Bacon had written on Pig.”

H.—“You know. I thought I’d die in chem. class today. Mr.—”

V.—“That’s enough, Harriet. I’ll sit on everybodys’ neck in a minute if you don’t get those write-ups done.” (*Quiet reigns for a few seconds.*)

L.—“She’s such a quiet girl. Give me a quote on silence.”

J.—“Silence is golden, but the fashion this year is platinum.”

L.—“Yeh! If I wanted to start an explosion I would put that down.”

A.—“Listen to this write-up. Make additions or omissions.” (*Reads.*)

J.—“Where’s her name and address? It sounds like an advertisement in one of those marriage bureau columns.”

A.—“Well, if you can do better, go ahead.”

V.—“All right, Joe. You take the write-up. Fix it up and make corrections.”

E.—“Does anyone know something outstanding about this girl?”

B.—“She drives a car.”

I.—“Who heard Dr. Cadman over the radio last night?”

T.—“I did. Talk about ‘remarkable remarks’! He said a whole bookful.”



B.—“Remember when he said (*looks around*) ‘I hope I’m not offending anyone by saying this’.”

V.—“Go ahead. We all take Col. English 3.”

B.—“Well (*starts, but is interrupted several times*)—Anyway, you all heard it.”

L.—“Sure, we all heard it. Oh, Harriet, did you get a good comment on your theme?”

H.—“Not bad. What I deserved.”

V.—“Come, come, children. Get to work. Never mind school. You’ll be there soon enough tomorrow.”

J.—“I can’t do any more. I’m tired. Let’s eat.” (*Chorus of “On with the eats!”—The table is set and the girls bring on food.*)

L.—“Anybody want milk?”

I.—“No, we’ll all have tea. And I want mine in a glass.”

L.—“All right. Tea for all.” (*Goes into the kitchen. Ben follows her.*)

B.—“Which is Isaac’s tea?”

L.—“That one in the glass.”

B.—“Don’t bring it in yet. (*Goes into the pantry and comes out with salt and pepper shakers.*) Here goes.” (*Seasons the tea rather heavily and brings it into the dining room.*)

J.—“I like these cookies. They’re big.”

L.—“Sure; you get fewer in a pound.”

V.—“My tea is terribly hot.”

I.—“So is mine. I’ll wait until it cools.” (*Meanwhile Louise, Ben, and Alante are bursting with laughter in one corner of the room. Everybody is sipping, eating, and talking.*)

I.—“I guess it’s cool enough now.” (*Drinks. More laughter from the corner.*)

L. (*Laughing*)—“Evidently Isaac can’t appreciate good tea. Someone tell him.”

B. (*Doubling with laughter*)—“I can’t bear to see you die like that, Isaac.” (*Takes the tea and throws it into the sink.*)

I. (*surprised*)—“Whv—what’s the matter?”

A.—“Oh nothing; only—only—” (*Bursts into uncontrollable laughter.*)

L.—“There was salt and—” (*Can’t go on because of laughter.*)

B.—“And pepper in your tea.” (*Everybody roars with laughter and examines his tea.*)

L.—“Don’t worry; it was only in Isaac’s.”

I.—“I thought I wasn’t feeling quite well.” (*Drinks water.*)

J.—“This is too much for one night. I’m going home.”

I.—“Right now; I need a bed.”

(*There is a chorus of “Must finish my homework” and everybody gets ready to go.*)



LESSONS ARE TOO MUCH WITH US

Lessons are too much with us; late and soon
Studying and cramming, we lay waste our hours.
Little we see in Weaver that is ours;
We have given our minds away, a perfect boon!
This energy which bares her bosom to the moon,
The books that are laid opened at all hours
Are ever thrown about like crumpled flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I soon shall be
At Weaver a post-graduate outworn;
So shall I, judging from all things I see,
Have glimpses that would make me more forlorn;
Have sight of teachers beckoning to me;
Or hear examination's doleful horn.

When in disgrace with two F's and two E's,
I, with the dean, bewep my dangerous state,
And trouble the teachers with my useless pleas,
And look upon the others, and curse the "break",
Wishing me like to one more rich in A's,
Favored like him, like him with "drag" possessed,
Desiring this man's luck and that man's ways,
In what I'm most unskilled he knows the best;
Yet in these thoughts, the school almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, near-by vacation
And like a Lenox talkie so enticing,
From dreary school I sing of recreation;
For thy sweet joys recalled, I so extol,
That then I scorn to change for the Honor Roll.



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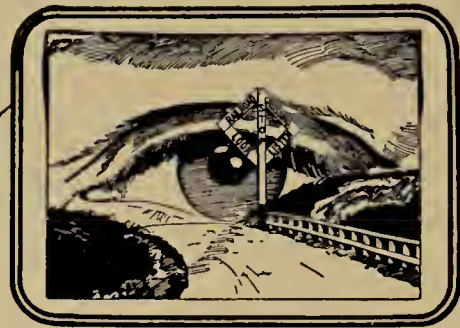
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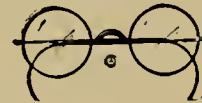


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John Daley Preu Weaver High School Yearbook Collection 1924 to 1970

John Daley Preu was born July 23, 1913 in Hartford, CT. . John was educated in Hartford, and received his degree in art illustration from the Pratt Institute in New York. He became an art teacher in 1937 at Weaver High School, the same high school that he graduated from in 1931. He retired in 1970 as the head of the Weaver art department. During his teaching years at Weaver, he collected a yearbook for every year he taught.

While he was a teacher at Weaver, he married Odile E Burke the daughter of the principle of Weaver High at the time, Frank H Burke. Yearbooks from 1924 to 1937 were originally part of Frank H Burke's collection of Weaver yearbooks but were given to John D. Preu to add to his collection.

The collection was inherited by his sons Mark and Christopher. In January of 2019 Robert James Ellis contacted them to borrow some of the Weaver yearbooks for his Weaver High Yearbook digitization project. Because of Ellis's interaction with Brenda Miller, director of Hartford Public Library History Center and being aware that the library was missing many of the Weaver High yearbooks from 1924 to 1970, Robert suggested to Mark and Christopher Preu that they could donated the collection to the library and they agreed.

All of the Weaver High Yearbooks from 1924 to 2010 except 1927B have been digitized and can be viewed for free by all on the Internet at archive.org. Robert Ellis is thankful to Tim Bigelow at the archive.org scanning facility in Boston for his advice and guidance while working on the Weaver High Digitization Project.

Thank you Mark and Christopher Preu for your donating your Dad's Collection.

